

CONGRESSMAN CONGER'S LOVE STORY.

Mr. Conger, of Michigan, one of the storm-clouds of the occasion, is the funniest and the crossest-looking of men. His nose is always peering into the recesses of his mouth, and his eyes are twisted down to watch over that nose. When he laughs, every feature gets scared and tries to hide; but after the smile leaves, the hooked nose draws into position over the lips, and the eyes settle again into their sentry-boxes, at either side the nose. Mr. Conger has a love-history, which is very remarkable. He has a smiling wife, fair, fat, and forty, who leans upon him in the abandon of the honeymoon. She has dark hair, patted smoothly on her cheeks, and she wears gold-rimmed spectacles. She was his first love. A quarrel separated them. Each married. Twenty years after, he, a widower, was in Congress, she, a widow, sat in the gallery and listened to his speech. It was the first time they had seen each other since their early days. She sent her card to him; he came at once to the gallery. After a little talk, she asked him to call upon her at her friend's, Mrs. Dahlgren. He said he would call, if he could come as he used to in those long past days of youth. In a few weeks they were married at Mrs. Admiral Dahlgren's residence, and are completely infatuated with each other.—*Washington Letter.*

When a St. Louis belle gets the ear-ache, they take the fair sufferer down to the levee, put a bale or a bale and a half of cotton into the ear affected, and play some paregoric upon it from a chemical engine. This rarely fails to affect a cure.—*Chicago Tribune.* And when a Chicago belle has the ear-ache, they treat her in the same way, only they don't go out anywhere for a bale or two of cotton. They usually find it about the sufferer.—*St. Louis Republican.*

An Oneida street merchant, who takes great pride in keeping his walk well sprinkled and swept, was standing in his door when the rain began to patter last week, when a passing citizen remarked: "God is sprinkling your walk for you to-day, I see." "Yes, yes, and He's doing it finely—finely," remarked the merchant, and then added, "By the way, that reminds me that he is the first one on this street who has failed to come in and borrow my sprinkler when he has such a job to do."—*Fulton Times.*

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL (CERULEAN).—Benevolent clergyman to Jo: "Why are you standing there, little man?" Jo, "'Cause I've nowhere to go to." Clergyman, "Where are your father and mother?" Jo, "Dunno! Gone away this ever so long!" Clergyman, "Poor little fellow! Well, well, can you answer me this question? When your father and mother forsake you, who is it that will take you up?" Jo, "The policeman."—*Judy.*

General Sherman's official salary, it is stated, amounts to about \$18,000 a year, inclusive of the usual commutation for supplies. He lives, at present, at the Ebbitt House, in Washington. He is said to enjoy Washington gayeties greatly, and to feel aggrieved when there is not—use his own words—"some sort of a fandango" every evening.

A Lowell firm recently sent a lot of bills West for collection. The list came back with the result noted against each name, one being marked "dead." Three months after the same bill got into a new lot that was forwarded, and when the list came back the name was marked "still dead."

One of the Kentucky Minstrels is sitting for his carte in character. Operator: "Now, sir, look pleasant—smile a little." Minstrel smiles. "Oh! that will never do. It's too wide for the instrument."

Governor Van Zandt, of Rhode Island, has issued a thanksgiving proclamation which, in respect of brevity, is unsurpassed. Yet he manages to say an excellent thing, which deserves attention in other States besides Rhode Island; for, after requesting the people to assemble "and return thanks to God for His tender mercies and loving kindness," he adds: "And may those who are blessed with abundance give liberally to the poor." This reminds us of Rowland Hill's famous charity sermon. After announcing the text, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord, and he will repay him tenfold," the eccentric preacher added: "Brethren and sisters, you hear the terms of the loan, and if you like the security, down with your dust." This was the entire sermon, but it is of record that the collection was a very liberal one. We hope that Governor Van Zandt's laconic proclamation will be equally effective with the extensive audience to which it addressed.

An April Fool.

BY SUSAN COULIDGE.

Oh! silly Violet!
To think that spring was tapping at your latch;
Her fingers smell of flowers. Did you not know it?
Her pretty voice is like the rain on thatch—
The tinkling rain, with never a wind to blow it.
Incautious Violet!
You sprang from out your bed in such a hurry,
Tied on your cap and laced your kirtle blue,
Opened the door, all bright with joyful flurry,
And there stood naughtily March awaiting you!
Poor, foolish Violet!
Mischievous March, who loves to fool and tease,
To tickle flowers with hands all chilly-fingered,
Nip them and pinch, and make them shrink and sneeze,
And wish that they in the warm earth had lingered.
Mistaken Violet!
The moment that he saw you standing there,
He seized, and pulled, and roughly dragged you out—
Out of the door, into the frosty air.
And "April fool" he cried, with laugh and shout.
Dear little Violet!
The tears are standing in her blue, blue eyes,
Next time my pretty one must be more wary;
Keep fast her door, lie still, refuse to rise,
And wait the summons of the April fairy.

—Independent.

The man who cut a big hole and a little hole in the door so that the big and the little cat could both go in and out, has been matched by a Lowell man, who put up a single bell in his house and attached a wire from it to his front door and one to the back door. It usually takes two journeys to discover at which door somebody has pulled the bell.

A SWEET YOUTH.—The Allentown (Penn.) Register exposes a young man in this remorseless way: "A mischievous quack in Altoona City, Pennsylvania, advised a young man with more hair than brains to use molasses water, the theory being that after the water evaporated, the rebellious locks would coalesce and keep in place. He made his toilet of a Sunday morning, and taking a prominent pew, concentrated the attention of all the flies in the church, much to the relief and edification of the congregation. After striking wildly about and damaging a palm-leaf in undue vehemence, he made a break for the door, with the flies swarming about his poll."

It is not every suicide who is as thoughtful as Mr. Jean Baptiste Marius, the old wineseller of New York, who took laudanum Saturday, and went—in his own language—to "see what is going on in the other world." Mr. Marius considerably put off his act for twenty days, in order to square up the month's rent, left money in his pocket to pay for his lunches during the last week, settled his affairs, and apologized handsomely to his landlord for the trouble he was about to make him.

President Lincoln as an Anti-Slavery Man.

Mr. Lincoln was always an anti-slavery man; but, as I have said, was never a political Abolitionist. Events and war necessity compelled him to adopt the policy of emancipation, for which he has received and deserved merited honors; but those who applaud his course in that respect omit to mention that colonization and deportation of the slaves, when set free, was deemed by him an essential part of his emancipation policy. Whether right or wrong on that subject, it is not necessary to discuss, but the truth need not be suppressed. He believed it would be best for both the whites and blacks that the latter should leave the country, or, as he expressed it in his interview with the colored representatives, "it is better for us both to be separated." Knowing his convictions and earnest solicitude on this branch of his policy, I have sometimes doubted whether he would not have hesitated longer in issuing the decree of emancipation had he been aware that colonization would not be accepted as an accompaniment.—*Gideon Wells, in the Galaxy for October.*

The Pittsburgh Post claims to have examined with great care the actual losses by the great railroad riot in that city, and asserts that the final awards will not vary far from the following:

Railroad Company.....	\$1,500,000
Freight destroyed.....	1,000,000
Elevator.....	150,000
Keystone Hotel Company.....	100,000
Pullman Car Company.....	80,000
Private individuals.....	100,000
Total.....	\$2,930,000

Justice is administered in a very primitive way at Northampton, Mass. A recent visitor there dropped into a justice's court in time to see an old offender committed for twenty days. Glancing out of the window soon after, the visitor saw the supposed prisoner walking alone on the street. "Why," he asked, "where is that man going?" "To jail, where I sent him," calmly replied the justice. "And is that the way you do criminal business in Hampshire county?" "Always," was the bland reply. "Mr. Officer, next case!"

President Lincoln a Duelist.

Very few people know that President Lincoln once came very near fighting a duel. A newspaper correspondent in Illinois thus tells the story: It was somewhere about the year 1840 that the writer, then a small boy, living in a little village on the line of the old State road running from St. Louis to Indianapolis, met, one morning as he was going to market, one of the colored boys who had been a house servant of his father's, in the State of Alabama, seated upon a first-class carriage. I asked Hiram—for that was his name—where he came from and where he was going to? He replied: "From Springfield, sir, and am taking one of two gentlemen down to Bloody Island to fight." "Bloody Island" is now known as East St. Louis, and from 1820 till 1847, under the first Constitution of Illinois, there were perhaps not less than one hundred duels fought thereon. It turned out that the gentlemen who were to slaughter one another upon this bloody field were none less than Abraham Lincoln, of "Black Hawk" war fame, and the then Captain Paddy Shields, who had seen service in the British Army. And here let me say that it was because they stopped for breakfast at our little village that perhaps Lincoln was spared and saved to make for himself such a grand and glorious name throughout the world as he afterwards did, and that Shields became a true and honored soldier, not only in the Mexican, but in the war to preserve the Union, for the Circuit Court was then in session for that county, and in attendance were some of the leading lawyers of the district, among whom were Lincoln's and Shields' personal and political friends, and as soon as it was noised about—as it was immediately after breakfast—that they had gone to "Bloody Island" to fight, then it was that Stephen A. Douglas, who was at the time prosecuting attorney for our district, R. W. Engle, our member of Assembly, and A. W. Cavarly, our Senator, all three of whom were warm political friends of Captain Shields; Colonel John J. Hardin, afterwards killed at Buena Vista, and Colonel Edwin D. Baker, killed at Ball's Bluff, friends of Lincoln, started in hot pursuit to overtake the duelists. In this they did not succeed till they reached the ground upon which the fight was to take place. Upon their arrival they found both Lincoln and Shields ready for the combat. They soon succeeded in inducing Shields to withdraw the challenge for five minutes, in order that Lincoln might make an explanation, and should this be satisfactory to Shields, he (Shields) should not in future attempt to find out or discover who might have been the author of the newspaper article from which the trouble arose. As soon as Captain Shields withdrew the challenge, Mr. Lincoln at once assured him, on his honor as a man, that he had never seen or heard of the article in question till he read the same in the morning paper, and that he was in no sense responsible for the same, but had simply espoused the authorship of it in order to protect the good name of a most estimable young girl in Springfield. This settled what might have terminated in a bloody affair. The would-be combatants shook hands, and were ever afterwards good friends. But for years the question was, Who wrote the article? It is now an open secret in Springfield. It seems that a Miss Jayne, who had recently graduated from Monticello Seminary, and who was quite a belle at the capital, had three young lawyers as her admirers. Mr. Lincoln was one and Captain Shields was another, and she had written the article which the Irish soldier thought was a reflection upon himself, for he, be it known, was a very vain man, and considered himself handsome. Neither Shields nor Lincoln married the girl, but she became the honored and loving wife of Lyman Trumbull.

Anecdote of General Butler.

Senator Blaine tells the following good story of Gen. B. F. Butler, and vouches for its truth: The mortality during the last session of the Forty-third Congress was unusually great. Messrs. Hooper and Crocker of Massachusetts, Hershey of Maine, Rice of Chicago, and several other members died during the session, and a Saturday afternoon was set apart for the customary eulogies. On the day before, General Butler went up to the Speaker's desk to inquire what the order of exercise was to be. Mr. Blaine replied that the arrangements on such occasions were generally made by the colleagues of the member whose eulogies were to be pronounced, and that General Butler could probably learn what the order of exercise would be by asking almost any one of his fellow-members from Massachusetts. "Well," said General Butler, "I'm not in the eulogistic ring, but I'll be d—d if I don't make a speech on old Hooper, if they don't shut me off with the previous question."

A Chinese minister in Washington went to hear the Marine play band. He was particularly impressed with the trombone player, and offered him a handsome engagement in China, "for," he said, "I have never seen a juggler who could swallow as much brass as you, and spit it out again, and yet the people here seem to regard it as an every-day affair."